

out against the lunatic pursuit of *a replacement population policy* or temporary foreign workers and/or students in civilly disobedient but peaceful defense of *our innate homogeneity* and ~~Free Will to Power~~ will be made to suffer for it

Sure, eh! Our ancestors *also escaped* pain and death in their time – and this is why you should respect and honour their memory (for they carved a civilization out of a vast expanse of wilderness which hath endured and prospered). This is why you shouldst *look into your heart* and seek them out... to learn from their wisdom. But you have been bewitched (by 80+ years of propagandizing mind-wash) and must be purified. You must *refute your gullible superstitions* and embrace the **Natural Laws of the Ancients**.

This is – or was – our country! These (((interlopers))) have no say here!

How can we ever be forgiven for surrendering our all to these (((pariahs))) without a struggle? What answer canst we darest give to those first gentes to call each other "*canadienne*"? O Canada, darkness shall shroud us if we don't put an end to this nonsense damn soon and stop them (((strangers))) from poisoning the good topsoil covering the dirt wherein which our nuts were meant to root... to grow into the well-spring from which our future generations are meant to drink...

Our sap... our blood... our breath... our trust is being drained from us and we are dying; we are *slowly being buried alive by the generations* under an ever-increasing deluge of *Kalergian globalization* and *Soros-funded multicultural mass-immigration*. Thus, we have been made strangers in our own land... and that tsunamific horde to which we punked our inheritance is the "*irresistible force*" that ruins us. Mourn ye not, though, Pilgrim, for what hath by guile and deceit been defalcated from us simple commoners – verily, cannot be denied our unborn progeny and *all* their descendants for ever. This is because *being Canadian means more than just simply having your name on a piece of paper* – that's naught but a bill of lading! Just because you are here doesn't make you a Canadian... in fact, a lot of people whose parents and grandparents immigrated here after the two world wars... good people whom substantially contributed to the treasures and archives of our nation, enriching us as a society, are not by birth Canadian – and never will be. A grafted branch is an unnatural appendage. All Canadians are blood-relations [] we be born of age-olden genetic roots which dip into many far-off wells.

Our children¹⁴ are the budding twigs of our future life as a race apart from others – and the flower of their genius is ineradicably established in *the dead bodies of our venerable ancestors* – and in forgotten hopes and forsaken dreams we indemnify their deeds. This burgeoning inflorescence carries the soul of our deceased relations. O drink ye deeply from the root of our life.

God planted a seed within this Land Between of Promise: The Garden of Divine Love. The Red Man was put here first to care for it; but it was not good that he was alone... thus God deigned to send him a suitable mate to help. Thus God caused the Red Man to sleep and took from him the Lady of the Rib – and closed up the hole in his side with flesh. And from the Lady of the Rib which had been taken from the Red Man – God madeth a companion for the Red Man, who thence sayeth: "This is now the bone of my bones and the flesh of my flesh."

Our Mother holds all of the Lord's wisdom within her [] and like the soil we be planted within, *her womb is the nexus of "new life."* For millennia we have sought our way back into this Garden... but we are so blind that we haven't come to realize that this Garden be within us *all*: within our hearts... within our thoughts (and memories)... within our hopes and dreams...

Sech it is that we have forgotten our beginnings – and so we live in denial of *the crux of the matter* – that 'tis we, we ourselves, which banished us from the erbere of our pleasant memories and separated us from our natural fruits. O but! Oi yoi yoi how our fruit hath rotted 'pon the branch! poisoned by (((a worm))) which laid *its* eggs within the pipstone, gnawing its crust and constricting 'round *the sprout of the "tree of our lives"*: O which of *all* our children's children shall ne'er know life enough to commemorate us in remembrance of *our natural state of being*. How can they know that they have lost their way (in darkness). Yet they be thaim *stumblind foyles* who deign to sensibly accept the fact that they be hopelessly lost (in darkness). Nay! I assure you, citizen comrade: "They be *nepenthesiac dopiates* – a withering destruction of the branch – O woe but how our Tree of Life needs be pruned."

"Tie two birds together... - even though they have four wings they cannot fly."

The Blind Man, *The Silent Flute / Circle of Iron* (1978), Bruce Lee

This sickness afflicting us *all* – pipstone, fruit, flower, leaf, twig, and branch, pith and bark – is not hidden! It is *plain as day undeniable*. Know ye not how *Elias he'pt the blind man of Bethsaida*. Clean the gunk out of your

eyes, hoser, eh! Awaken ye to a new way of seeing. Sure 'nuff, huh! But the odious ill will of these alien newcomers injected into our society [] are blind to the intrinsic beauty of our "tribes, clans and race" and are only capable of mimicking us, like apes, and, *worse still*, by conforming to *réduction d'absurde logic*... evolutionarily-speaking, regressing us to *a dodoish sticks-and-stones zeitgeist*.

For more than a decade of decades these blind followers of the blind have sought for it – this precious perle of great price – selfishly seeking after its destruction. That is why we "children of our Mother" are the **Creators** – and the **"Guardians of Life."**

Open your eyes and see what is within you – it is reflected in everyone you encounter, everywhere you go. Listen to *the "palmariistic" song of thy heart*: Harken ye! The dirt speaks to us and knows our voices. She knoweth *the secret desires of our hearts*, too. We sing to her with every breath – O woe! but how sadly doth our breath erode with failing notes... sounding flat and shallow – as if we were emptying of life with every smooch we ejaculate...: (I'm sure that you don't understand... but surely ye must feel it).

Mark well: It is our duty – both youse and mine responsibility to give ear to what she hath to say. More-so, know this: insomuch as she will protect and nourish us so that we thrive and prosper as individuals notwithstanding as a race – *the White race of legendary Ultima Thule* ¶ born of the quasimythic "*Seven Daughters of Eve*": (cf., the many related tribes of *both* the Old World and the New World: Clovis flint-knappers, Aeneolithic Yamnaya Ochre Pit Grave and Corded Ware cultures, Hyperborean Kurgans and Scythian Amazons – mounted warriors and the mytho-historic Tuatha dé Danaan, Gaels, Celts, Picts and Scots, Franks, Goths, Angle and Saxon, Rus and Hun, and Sea Kings).

Our Mother loves our people... she loves our children, *too*... and she loves our hopes and *our* dreams. So why is it that we are splashing around and trying to keep afloat...? O why must we be nearly drowned in this manufactured Deluge?

Our branches reach into the sky. Our roots forever grounded. Never forget that a nation is neither *its* land nor *its* natural resources; it is *its* people. **Remember, Brethren, our true body politick.**

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The Méacutetis are a sacred reunification of a protolithic half-tribe that was divided by the rising water of the Atlantic Ocean during the last melting of the glaciers.

D.M.: Creation of the Mediterranean Sea: The water of the Atlantic Ocean rose during the last melting of the glaciers. 'Twas a time forgotten whence those rising waters flooded betwixt Peninsular Spain in Europe and Morocco in North Africa, creating the Strait of Gibraltar, filling the Alboran Basin to form the Balearic Islands, Corsica and Sardinia; and by filling the Tyrrhenian Basin and submerging the marshy wetland corridor connecting the Italian Boot and Tunisia – so too was the Adriatic Sea created at this time; 'twas whence both the Ionian and Levantine Basins flooded – their rising waters submerging the Platonic Atlantean Landbridge (i.e., a proto-historic Archipelago between Egypt and Libya from Greece) of which only Crete remains... the Black Sea (and Caspian Sea) were but lakes.

Allas! I leste hyr in on erbere;
 þurz gresse to grounde hit fro me yet.
 I dewyne, fordolked of luf-daungere
 Of þat pruy perl wytouten spot.
Alas! In a garden I lost it, let
 It go to the ground on a grassy plot.
 Bereft of love, I am racked by regret
 For Pearl, my own Pearl without a spot.

Jacques Cartier is our patriarch.

Matthew 27:25

דָם יְהוָה עַלְנוּ וְעַל יְלִדֵינוּ

"τοιαίματουείναιπάνωμασκαιγιαταπαιδιάμας"

sanguiseius supernoset superfilios nostros Ipsum

דָאָס בְּלֹוט פָוָן גָאָט זָאָל זִין אֲסָף אָונְדָז אָונְנָז קִינְדָעֶר

دم الرب علينا ، وعلى أولادنا

I wrote this tract to honour the heroes of the Silent Brotherhood and Freedom Club and their ilk - those good folk which stand strong against all manner of commie censorship, as on social media, and in response to the falsification of history by forces unknown.

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